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Betty Freeman, Adele Kuntz, Eileen Smith, Gladys Heibel, Homer Koch, Norma Kronfeld, Jean L. Patterson, Albert Wells, Elizabeth Jane Cassatt, and Marjorie Foster

the

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L A N T E R N



. . . the light of creative work

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RITA HAYWORTH
Columbia Pictures Star
with her own Chesterfield
vanity-cigarette case



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In mine too say millions of satisfied smokers... for a *Milder* and *decidedly Better-Tasting* cigarette, one that's *Cooler-Smoking*, you just naturally pick Chesterfield.

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MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK CHESTERFIELDS... and enjoy 'em *They Satisfy*

for may, 1942

vol. x, no. 3

. . . the lantern presents

	<i>on page</i>
The Editor's . . . <i>editorial</i>	2
The Editor's . . . <i>a glimpse into the pages ahead</i>	2
Betty Freeman's . . . <i>isn't this fine weather?</i>	3
Adele Kuntz's . . . <i>girls' rules through twenty years</i>	4
Eileen Smith's . . . <i>lost:imagination--gained: sanitation</i>	5
Gladys Heibel's . . . <i>ursinus during the first world war</i>	6
Homer Koch's . . . <i>inspirations from a concert hall</i>	8
Norma Kronfeld and Jean L. Patterson's . . . <i>brother jones</i>	9
Albert Wells' . . . <i>the sea and cloud and sky--no more</i>	12
Gilbert Sullivan's . . . <i>literary prattle</i>	12
Elizabeth Jane Cassatt's . . . <i>war and memories</i>	16
Marjorie Foster's . . . <i>spring</i>	17

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THE new board of editors of the Lantern desires to extend its thanks to the former staff—first of all, for their cooperation in printing this issue; second, for their "best wishes." This publication of the magazine marks another commencement season. The Lantern staff wants especially to congratulate its graduating members—Gladys Heibel, Jane Vink, Denton Herber, and Joseph Chapline. We shall miss you. To all other Ursinus graduates in the class of May, 1942, go our hopes for the best of luck!

... a glimpse into the pages ahead

The shop-worn phrases, **Among Our Contributors** or the **Contributors' Column**, seem terribly stilted, hence the disguised heading. At any rate, to those readers who like to know to what they are subjecting themselves when they start a **Lantern** article, we say, glance on down the page and get your previews.

The "revision of rules" committee and the women students as a body will be slightly perturbed when some of their suggested improvements are rejected this spring. We think that we are unlucky! Mercy, no! Take one look at Adele Kuntz's **Girls' Rules Through the Years**, and you will change your mind.

Have you ever felt all alone in the world? Certainly you must have at one time or another. This feeling, terrifying or not, affects each one of us differently. In **Alone** Bob Ihrle has described his feelings on such an occasion. Read it and see if you have reacted similarly.

Thoughts of the war, so common to us right now, take various forms. After this terrible experience is over, each one of us will have memories—not too horrible, I hope. Betty Jane Cassatt's poem, **War Memories**, tells of remembrances of some of the wars down through history.

With this spring comes a horror, which Mother Nature in all her beauty has a difficult time concealing. Our actions, our thoughts, our plans—the war influences all of them. **Spring, 1942**, Marjorie Foster's poem, pictures the gloom which this event has cast over the season.

All of us are familiar with the effects of the present war upon us here at Ursinus. The students during the World War had to make many adjustments, too. To be sure, they were of a different nature. At which time would you rather have been attending Ursinus? Read **Ursinus During the First World War** by Gladys Heibel and draw your conclusions.

Scour the campus for the author of **Literary Prattle**, if you wish. But you won't find Gilbert Sullivan. You see, a person with such ideas—well, you wouldn't expect him to sign his correct name, would you?

"Nice day, isn't it?" True, we have been saying this for years and will probably continue to. There are certainly many variations on the subject and also many occasions on which it is used. Betty Freeman gives her views on the case in **Isn't This Fine Weather?**

Most of us attend concerts, at least once in awhile. As to just why we do, well, do we know exactly? Homer Koch has very good reasons as he shows in **Inspirations from a Concert Hall**. If we were to take a look, we might learn quite a bit.

You girls who turn up your little noses upon opening a gift box which reveals a dainty hanky—well, don't do it. Read **Lost: Imagination—Gained: Sanitation** and Eileen Smith will tell you how really fortunate you are.

Do you feel like seeing the ocean? Do you feel like being carried away with its beauty, its enchantment? In **The Sea, and Cloud, and Sky—No More** Al Wells can do just that for you.

Betty Freeman's

. . . *isn't this fine weather?*

TO THE meteorologist it is a livelihood, but to most of us the weather is the subject of a number of emotions running from boredom to fear. It is all very relevant, though; like unhappiness, according to a wall-motto one of my friends has. This quality of being all things to all men is what makes the weather such an absorbing topic of investigation and conversation.

A bad day is obviously a much better test of your fellow man's good nature than a bright day, but in some cases you will be taking your life in your hands in carrying out the quest. Here comes a rather grumpy gentleman insufficiently sheltered by a black bumbleshoot. As he fords the stream in the gutter, you shout a cheery "Good morning." Unless you possess the fleet foot of Mercury, you will be decapitated by a choppy "What's good about it?" Don't blame the weather for such a miserable reply; perhaps the poor man had to eat burned toast for breakfast. Please don't misunderstand me. I am not denying the pleasure or profit derived from consuming charcoal; I suppose that in due time one really acquires a taste for such a meal. Blissful newlyweds are not supposed to notice it—but then, they don't notice anything, not even the weather. It all started when he first met her. He commented on the lovely evening, she agreed, and after that it could have rained pitchforks without making an impression on them. Nonimpressionists are the easiest people to talk to about the weather, because they always agree with you; but, for that very reason, they are unsatisfactory guinea pigs. Your remark about the balmy spring day brings a look vague as the Sphinx and a mumbled assent. This could hardly be called a reaction to the weather.

Of course, as I said before, you must be careful in putting the question to an extremist; but there are many loyal followers of the "Rain or Shine" column who take the news with calm, yet varied, reactions. There was the old seaman whom I met in Maine. Like most of his kind, he was a mediocre weather prophet; that is, he had a fifty-fifty chance of being right. Whether you banked on his prophecy or not, he always had an interesting reminiscence be-

ginning with "Yes, the wind was light and warm just like it is now the day when we—" How he held our attention through long summer afternoons. Pure fancy? Perhaps. But interesting; and all because someone mentioned the soft breeze which hardly stirred the sand. Each ray of sunshine, each cloud, each flash of lightning meant some past experience to him—and to call, "Good sailing weather, Charlie," was to send him back to vivid bygone days. His lively memory, kept sharp by the constant grinding of narration, formed the basis for a natural interest in the weather.

I don't know about your family, but mine has an interest in the weather, not caused by memories like Charlie's, but nevertheless vital. It's not the polite interest found in Victorian novels, where the unapproachable master of the house informs the family as to the state of the atmosphere for that day. Fortunately for his family's sense of humor and unfortunately for his pride, it sometimes becomes evident that the weatherman had another notion. That is an embarrassing position to be in, but he shouldn't have been so dictatorial. However, he had the last word; his family could only listen—and think. In our house the rule is that every man has a right to voice his convictions, and with so many competitive views no one can be dogmatic. Of course, the varied opinions cause fierce clashes. Bob insists that it is not going to rain and that he will therefore wear his reversible sunny side out. Mother is just as sure that it will pour before he gets to school and that he must not only wear his coat gabardine side out but also put his rubbers on. The war is on; everybody joins a side; Mother wins. Somehow mothers always win, don't they? Of course, the sun may shine in all its glory all day long, and Bob may mention reprovingly that the rubbers were just so much excess baggage, but at least we all had our say.

Family weather discussions aren't always so informal, but they soon break down. Grandmother loves to gather her family for a reunion every few years. In the embarrassed silence after meeting for the first time some fourth cousin twice removed, someone always mentions the weather. Grandma, who is the proud
(Con't p. 13)

Adele Kuntz's

. . . *girls' rules through twenty years*

IF YOU can imagine an Ursinus miss ambling down Main Street in a two-piece bathing suit (even under a rain coat), dancing at the apoth, or taking time out for a cigarette at Ursinus college in the 20's, you're letting your imagination run away with you. In fact, you're all wrong. These rules and dozens more are recent privileges won since the days when Collegeville's student boundaries did not include the Eighth Avenue bridge.

Until 1920, girls had little use for rule books. There existed, it seems, a general rule—DON'T DO IT—for anything except actual classwork. Misdemeanors, which were few and far between, were handled through a rather inactive student committee. Then in 1923 the girls became suddenly filled with ideas on how to make preceptresses get grayer. At once, detailed rules were set up, together with a well-organized "Women's Self-Government Association" for their enforcement.

Tracing through some of the more important cases before the W. S. G. A. and looking through the rule books of these twenty years have shown how regulations of the girls have changed along with trends of the times.

In 1923-24 the light rule was often disobeyed and brought before the council. We can scarcely imagine a rule that "All lights shall be out at 10:30 P. M. on all days of the week except Friday and Saturday, when they shall be out at 11:00 P. M." Great leniency was exercised, the administration believed, in allowing each girl three one-hour light cuts a month for her exclusive use. This rule, if not broken outright, caused many showers in the dark, blackout dorm parties, and cramming by flashlight.

A funereal quiet, they say, existed during quiet hours in those days. From eight o'clock until ten on weekdays and two until four Sundays the dorms were really quiet for studying. Special stress was placed on the rule that "no musical instruments are to be used" during those hours. You couldn't study while lending an ear to a program of recordings. Proctors, as well as preceptresses, were responsible for such noise, and dorms as a whole were often reported for failure to obey the proctor.

During the same years the loitering rule was perhaps broken most often. It stated, "Loitering in the company of young men in the College buildings, including the vestibule to the dining room, or in the College grounds, or in the town, is positively forbidden." This included such "loitering" as speaking to a fellow-classmate for five minutes after chapel. Also, "Young men acting as escorts for young women must call for them at a seasonable hour, accompany them without loitering to and from the place they wish to go, and must not tarry at the hall upon their return." "Seasonable" was vague and the "must not tarry" unsatisfactory, but the rule must have been strictly enforced, judging by the number of girls who reported themselves to escape more serious punishment.

Chaperoning, in keeping with the times, was necessary for almost every occasion. If less than three girls hiked around the Gravel Pike, an upper-class woman had to accompany them. To shop in Norristown, to canoe or skate—all required the proper chaperonage. Consider this rule: "Young women may not go automobiling unchaperoned, except with members of their immediate families."

Social hour and out-of-town permissions were so different that they seem amusing now. "Upper-class young women" were allowed the rare privilege of social hour from 6:30 until 7:30 (except on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday). "This shall be permitted during daylight and in pleasant weather, on the walks of the front campus, from Olevian Hall (the Science building now stands on that site) to the Maples." Under-class young women were less privileged, with social hour only on Tuesday from 6:30 until 7:30. All girls were given the treat of an extended Saturday period from 7:30 until 9:30. Late permissions were non-existing, and escorted out-of-town permissions weren't frequent. "Senior young women shall be permitted to leave town with escorts, upon permission of the Dean of Women," the rule states. Special permissions were not handed out freely, however.

Dancing was a problem in 1920. In the minutes of the W. S. G. A. for November 15, 1920, three offending couples were brought up for

(Con't p. 13)

Eileen Smith's

. . . *lost: imagination--gained: sanitation*

"WHAT is so dull as a handkerchief!" So often have I heard this sentiment echoed by the disappointed recipient of a badly-aimed gift that I must take the stand and testify on behalf of "hankies" in general.

I have, however, never felt such disappointment, for, alas and alack, no one has ever given me a handkerchief. Perhaps because I have felt this neglect strongly, those dainty things originally meant for noses hold for me a strange fascination. I, who want to receive "hankies," inevitably am presented with cologne, art supplies, or sterling silver, while my sister, enviously regarding my gifts, is dissatisfied with an imposing "hanky" collection. Such is life! But being enterprising souls we swap gifts when the Christmas season or birthday celebration no longer is recent enough to demand the limelight. Thus, both of us are content.

My collection of handkerchiefs has grown to a size of which I may well be proud. This assortment ranges from solid-colored cotton "hankies" matching or contrasting with my ensembles to lacy creations saved for special occasions of dress-up; I am constantly on the look-out for unusual designs, which I buy or trade, since it seems that I must equip myself. Looking at my collection as I would at a friend, I see that the handkerchief race is made up of as varied characters as the human race. There is the upper strata of "hankydom"—perfumed bits of chiffon; the middle class—gay, popular sports "hankies;" and the laboring class—shockingly huge and shockingly gaudy handkerchiefs of the workingmen (usually as dirty and creased in appearance as their owners, but as sturdy). Need I mention the poorest creature of all, the miserable rag used for emergency purposes in the absence of its superiors?

Who would ever dream of romance entering a mere "hanky's" heart? Oh, what poor unimaginative creatures you humans be! Have you never seen a would be knight gallantly dust off a public seat (too used and soiled for his lady) and place his handkerchief upon it? Have you never seen her spic-and-span derriere settle

upon the protecting cloth as her heart beat madly and her eyes spoke mute thanks?

Tragedy, too, in contrast with the exhilarating madness of young love, may have a handkerchief for a prop. When "tears from the depth of some divine despair rise in the heart and gather to the eyes," the instinctive reaction is to reach unseeingly, unfeelingly for a handkerchief to wipe away the silver droplets of emotion. The exhausting, complete relief of soul-cleansing tears is difficult to surpass. How well we who have cried know it! In this world of today (no adjectives are needed, for we all know it is war-torn, unbalanced, mad with power, and choked with fear) when men leave their homes, careers, and the comfortable rut they love so much, we who are young must not be weak or be weeping; we must look to a well-ordered future when success is ours, if God so wills it; we must look back to all we had before, pick out what meant the most, and save those institutions that survived our scrutiny for revival in the new set-up. We must cherish a life that was once so complete.

"Can you relive those days today,
When life is bound within a finite space?
Reflect—such visions cannot face
And pass beyond the realms of memory.
Yours, yours, these—to save you from dependency,
To love when Hate abounds the earth,
Yours to redeem, to cherish and enjoy
When strife shall end in Britain's Victory."

But let us dry our tears. Are we a weak younger generation? Have we no backbone? Let us look to those we have learned to lean on—our parents—they who lived in a war when they were our age, and were, as we are, ready to conquer the world. Then they really had to conquer a world to "make it safe for democracy." That done, they enjoyed a peaceful interim but are once again changing their set ways, adjusting their lives to accomplish what must be done. We who are of their flesh and blood will not shame our heritage. Let us tuck those handkerchiefs in our pockets and, when the weekly laundry washes the stains of a weaker moment down the drain, let us wash away fear and pessimism, substituting for them

(Con't p. 15)

Gladys Heibel's

... ursinus during the first world war

ONE can scarcely read a history of Ursinus College during the first World War without an overwhelming sense of tragedy and waste and now tarnished ideals. It was an unimposing campus and a small student body, whose pleasure consisted in "shines" and taffy pulls. It was a day of "young ladies" and middy blouses, chivalrous men and dashing belted jackets. But it was, above all, a day of sentimental patriotism and an appallingly inactive idealism. Perhaps it is because twenty-five years of glittering prosperity, of sordid depression, and of new catastrophic wars have elapsed that we look back on the days of the first World War with a wisdom approaching cynicism.

In the pages of the little Ursinus "Weekly" one can hear a nation thinking aloud—a home-loving, isolated, happy, immature nation—hear the voices:

The voice of a Reverend Frederick Lynch, D. D., in the **Weekly** of November 21, 1914:

"For what then should we be thankful? First of all, that we have been spared this awful calamity that has come upon Europe. . . . If we have reason to be thankful, it is because our own people have been learning more and more to avoid those courses which have plunged the European nations into war. . . . The United States has been making arbitration treaties, and she has got that for which treaties are made—peace. For this tendency in the United States, even though it be but a tendency, to distrust militarism, to seek other interests than that which has engrossed Europe, to look to justice as her bulwark, character as her shield, industry as her fortress, let us be devoutly thankful.

"Let us be thankful that so far the United States has been free from those poisonous suspicions which have had much to do with bringing on the war in Europe. . . . There are some men who are trying to sow seeds of suspicion in American hearts against Japan. They go up and down the country saying that the Japanese cannot be trusted, that they are preparing to make war upon America at the first chance, and so on. . . . Let us be thankful that they are few and that in the great heart of our nation

there is no suspicion against Japan or Canada or any other nation—for this means peace."

A voice thanking the students for their contributions to the Belgian food ships:

"Without violating our pledge of neutrality we have been expressing the true spirit of Christianity."

The voice of "J." Campbell White, LL.D. on Founder's Day, February 11, 1914:

"The greatest appeal of the world to Christianity is the great need of it. This is especially true in this time of war. Right relation with God would lead to right relations with one another."

A young girl's voice in the Zwinglian Prize Essay of 1917:

"Militarism and democracy cannot exist together. Militarism must be avoided."

* * *

Then came the "Titanic" disaster.

Then came the War.

Then came military training officially instituted by the War Department at Ursinus, April 13, 1917, under the direction of a Captain Fellman of the Second Pennsylvania Field Artillery of Norristown. These are his words:

"The young men must be encouraged in their ambition to enter the conflict, which, it is hoped, will bring about the complete downfall of the German Imperial Dynasty and establish upon its ruins democracy and a pure Christian civilization."

And one may be sure that there was no mock army organized among the men students and led cheering through the town, as there was last year. But with a quiet, almost Victorian faith in intangible democratic ideals, Ursinus students prepared for war. The cynicism we young people feel today was lacking. Theirs was a healthier determination—to free the world forever—healthier because they were free from doubt. Today we realize that the world needs a lot of freeing, more than can be realized in our life time. Today we fight with less drama, with a better determination, and with a resolution to be happy again some day, to have the things we want, and to enjoy without fear "the sweet agony of love." To the Ursinus

students of 1917 the war must have been a new adventure. At least, it was new, and they were unafraid and credulous. Purd Dietz, '18, speaks of military training as a "patriotic privilege." And President Omwake, a truly representative patriot of the 1914 school, said this in his "Tower Window" column:

"As I looked up and down the ranks and took account of the potential abilities represented in these men of Ursinus, I wondered whose name it would be that in years to come shall, if opportunity makes it possible, be written in our country's history."

And he quotes from Professor Weinberger, who wrote in the 1901 **Ruby** concerning the Civil War:

"The firing on Fort Sumter only fired the patriotism of Freeland Seminary. No institution was ever more loyal. Anti-slavery agitators were always welcome at Freeland Seminary before and during the Rebellion. The very name, Freeland, tells its own story."

In April, 1917, following a student petition for military drill, classes were shortened from one hour to forty-five minutes; dinner was served at 12:30; classes were to extend only until 3:31 in the afternoon; and attendance at drill was thenceforth considered a "compulsory privilege." The basketball schedule was cancelled, and intramural athletics were encouraged for the benefit of exercise.

The literary societies, Zwingli and Schaff, held fiery patriotic meetings. At a meeting of Zwingli a Mr. Mellinger delivered Webster's stirring declaration, "Our Country." In May came the dramatic enlistment of twenty-seven students. The **Weekly** dusted off its war type and came forth with the headline—"Ursinus Men Rally for Nation's Defense." In a few lines of ordinary journalistic writing we read the drama of a score of lives:

"The wave of patriotism which has swept through the college recently became so momentous that the regular program of Zwingli, the Senior-Sophomore Debate, was found impractical, and thus an impromptu miscellaneous program was substituted. . . ."

"Schaff Society felt the influence of the war last Friday evening, when the rush for enlistment caused the postponement of a debate for one week."

On Monday, May 14, 1917, an impressive flag raising ceremony was held. The Ursinus

Military Company marched across the East Campus, followed by the "Girls' Company," a young ladies' gymnasium class. The latter wore girdles of red, white, and blue. In front of Bomberger under the trees was a speaker's pavilion decked with flags. "This war is a vindication of civilization and Christianity," said Dr. Omwake in his address. (Shades of World War Number Two.) The flag was unfurled by Miss Marion Reifsnnyder, '17, and "little" Miss Evaline Omwake.

The long arm of the draft finally reached the campus. A **Weekly** headline reading "Ursinus Boys to the Colors" announced the drafting and sending of five men to the Officers' Training Corps at Fort Niagara. And every week for a while letters from Fort Niagara's "U. Men" were printed in the **Weekly**.

At the 1917 Commencement degrees were conferred upon three Ursinus soldiers "in absentia." Among the group of graduates there were three empty seats, upon which three American flags had been placed in wordless explanation. At a Vespers service held in September, a Roll of Honor was read, praising thirty-eight Ursinus men in the Army and Navy. The number was increasing.

Drives for the sale of Liberty Bonds and a Liberty Bond Endowment were instituted; the Collegeville Red Cross gave musicals to raise money; The Students' Friendship War Fund Campaign resulted in \$1,000 in contributions from Ursinus students. Among the college notes we read hints of the activities of other schools. Muhlenberg raised \$40 to equip a football team of soldiers at Camp Meade. At Dartmouth a daylight saving plan was adopted, for it was believed that "in these precarious times everything available should be conserved." Cornell cadet students dug trenches in their campus to facilitate practice of trench warfare. At Rutgers, French lectures were given to prospective soldiers, familiarizing them with French culture and institutions. The women of the University of Kansas adopted a uniform dress for the sake of economy. Dartmouth boys held sham battles, demolishing trenches and using bayonets. Penn boys observed a "smokeless" week for the benefit of those "over there".

The Liberty Day Service was perhaps the most stirring of all the student activities. A large service flag bearing a white star for each "U" man in the service was placed on the plat-

(Con't p. 14)

Homer Koch's

. . . inspirations from a concert hall

HAVE you ever felt "one impulse from a vernal wood" in the midst of winter? A grove resurrected by its own new green? Or grass and flowers seeming to grow before your very eyes? Or the warm coolness of a gentle breeze? Or a brook splashing joyfully along, as if it were so very happy to usher to its mouth the last vestiges of winter? Or the earth soft and porous and dark brown with its melted moisture? I have experienced these and more. I have seen the great plains of our Middle West extending the seemingly limitless, level spaces of fertility—and with more uninterrupted sky above than I have ever viewed from one place—and the rough and boisterous beauty of the youthful Rockies. Yet I have never been there—nor there. And I have travelled to foreign lands—from watching Russian peasants dance and feeling my heart bound with their feet, I have proceeded to the courts of kings and emperors, where only the minuet is polite; I have sailed down the Danube at dawn and have heard the birds sing in the woods about Vienna at sunset; from the eternal snow of the Alps, I have hurried, cold and shivering, to warm myself under the luxuriant sunshine of ancient Italy. Still, I have never ventured beyond my native shores. No, these are not dreams; neither are they the gifts of the poet to the mental eye, nor of the painter to the physical eye. They are the adventures created by the golden magic of symphonic art, adventures to be found and experienced in the concert hall whenever a conductor waves his enchanting wand above the heads of his human instrument.

I almost missed enjoying these experiences, and mainly because I never expected to have them. How well I remember the time when I first began to attend symphony concerts. How different then were my reasons for going. I was burning with the desire for fame, aglow with the wish to see my name printed in electric letters six feet high on the front of the Academy of Music or Carnegie Hall or any temple of lofty reputation. To be a great violinist and a never-to-be-forgotten conductor was my aim, my ambition. And so I went to catch a glimpse of Heifitz and Stowkowski, in order to enjoy

with them what I was certain would some day be mine. Then one night, as if a voice had said to me, "Those that have ears, let them hear," I forgot about Stradivarius violins, "top hats", corded white vests, the rustling of silks and satins, famous batons, and for the first time I listened, really listened, to the music. It was Mendelssohn's, his violin concerto. I heard the beautiful technical effects of the first movement, the even more beautiful singing of the Andante, and the glorious final movement. Since, I have never found a concerto to love better, nor have I ever ceased to **listen** to music. My desires and ambitions have become finer, less selfish—but, of course, not without the additional help of Vergil and Shakespeare.

Because of my old desire for loving music and my new one, I have for a long time been interested in knowing why other people love this art—or, at least, why they attend concerts and operas. Do they come because they really love music? Do they come to be inspired? Or do they come for other, for lesser reasons? I have tried never to judge too harshly, always to respect the motives of other men. Nevertheless, I have found men who are slaves to Fashion and Convention. Do you see that lady up there in her private loge—middle-aged, portly, satin and ermine, opera glasses? True, there are others in the first balcony who are dressed as richly as she, who have that same external air of refinement. But I mean **that** woman. Within her there is a strain of vulgarity, a gaudiness, a narrowness, that spoil her. She is Convention's slave, Fashion's venerator. The woman has no love for music. How can she without an understanding of it? But tomorrow her name will appear in the Society Column—and along with all the rest of the "social register." Still, our lady is not alone; some of her sisters-in-the-spirit are present, too—in less expensive loges; down there in the orchestra; yes, even up on the last balcony.

"And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide,
The theatre expands! besides
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! what a chorus!"

(Con't p. 16)

GIRLS' RULES

"improper dancing." Moreover, dancing was allowed only at certain school-sponsored dances approved by the president of the college and certainly not in dormitories or at the drugstore.

Socks, swimming, and smoking, three present-day regulations, were not problems of the early twenties and therefore not included in the rule books. That socks should be worn instead of silk hosiery in 1925 was actually listed among freshman initiation rules as an unpleasantry. Until 1934 socks were definitely forbidden except for physical education classes.

Swimming was prohibited until 1926. At that time rules regulating it included permission from home, tests, stipulations stating that two people should go together, the costume should be worn "to and from Olevian and Glenwood Hall only," bathing suits with stockings and raincoats might be worn, but "students must not appear on Glenwood Avenue or on Main Street so attired." Besides these, one had to sign out, have the place specified, the limits defined, the hours listed, and the bathing suit approved by the preceptresses, the dean, and the director of physical education.

Smoking permission has been granted much more recently. In the '30's, when the problem of smoking first arose, girls were absolutely forbidden to smoke in the dormitories, in the town, on the campus, or anywhere outside the town, as they represented the standards of Ursinus college. Only two years ago certain smoking rooms were allowed in the dorms at the repeated request of the students.

Rules throughout the twenties followed rather closely those listed above for 1923-24. Some small changes listed each year, however, are interesting to note.

In 1924-25: Women students may take their laundry to persons outside the town limits, returning at once.

In 1925-26: Women students may accept invitations to the Drugstore during the afternoon. Swimming was allowed for the first time this year.

In 1926-27: Women students may attend morning church unescorted in Trappe or Evansburg.

In 1927-28: Women students, without escorts, may take meals at the Arcadia, after informing

their Preceptress. Walks may include Eighth Avenue as far as the bridge and Ninth Avenue.

In 1928-29: Dances may be held until 11:30, with the permission of the president of the college and the dean.

In 1929-30: A few special permissions and late permissions with escorts to members of all classes.

In 1930-31: Daytime automobiling without chaperones was allowed with permission of the dean of women. Fire drills were also begun this year.

And so from then on have rules been much as they are now in '42. There are no light rules, no fire drills, a comparative abundance of late permissions, socks are permissible, and there are dozens of other great advances. And still, in 1942, a "revision of rules committee" is striving for girls' rules to be brought up-to-date.

ISN'T THIS FINE WEATHER?

owner of a green finger, plunges into the gap with a monologue about how the predicted shower will benefit her peonies. Uncle Harry has had one extension course in "How to Raise Tomatoes Successfully" or some such subject, and he always manages to provide us with reams of statistics from the Department of Agriculture. It isn't long before Aunt Jean is telling how Uncle Bill will surely get one of those disastrous summer colds if he doesn't keep the window next to his bed closed. The damp night air, you know. Then Cousin Betsy bewails the ruin of her new straw hat in a thunder shower. Uncle Harry now has Grandma in a corner telling her how destructive hail storms are to tomato plants. The course was "How to Raise Tomatoes Successfully," I remember now. That was the summer when the best of his crop would have taken the booby prize in any county fair. Grandpa is entralling the children with an account of the blizzard of '76. Jean and her fiance are considering slipping out for a walk in the warm afternoon sun. A weather-conscious company surely, but not uncomfortably aware of it, as is the gathering at a formal tea after the subject has been worn thin as a newsboy's trousers. None of the jolly, informal chat there. The weather is such a satisfying subject for conversation it really seems too bad that society has forced it into a class labelled as being dry, low pressure, with no rise in temperature.

DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR

form. Concerning the service Dr. Omwake wrote in his "Tower Window" column:

"As we took our places the constellation before us bore mute witness of the boys of Ursinus who have gone forth to serve our country in the war, and the vacant spaces in the white field looked appealingly into the faces of strong and willing young fellows sitting in the chapel seats, some of whom sooner or later will follow."

But there was one quiet man who heard above the band music a clearer, sadder voice of a poet soldier killed in action:

"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's a corner of a foreign field
That is forever England."

And there were voices of prophets. At a Y. M. C. A. meeting in 1918 the topic discussed was, "Pagan Japan Leading the World."

"She is forging ahead into political dominance, while in her religious life, she's groping for a hold on some faith worthy of her education and position. Christianity alone can stand the test. But at present there is but one-half of one per cent of Japan Christian, and eighty per cent of her people have never heard the name of Christ. She is waiting and drifting into agnosticism while we pass by on the other side." Twenty-five years later an unconscious prophecy was fulfilled.

Red Cross units among the Ursinus girls were organized under the direction of Mrs. Tower, and the **Weekly** bore urgent pleas for volunteers. In another notice it was announced that Food Conservation would be practiced in the dining room, already hung with United States Food Administration posters. The Juniors abandoned plans for the 1919 **Ruby** because of the expense of materials and the shortage of labor, and were accordingly praised for their "self-effacement." In a December **Weekly** of 1917 there was a brief announcement:

"Due to the difficulty of heating the chapel and the present shortage of fuel, vesper services will be discontinued until further notice."

In the year of 1918 the coal shortage really affected Ursinus. Heat was cut off from Bomberger, which was used only for public exercises. Reception rooms and Red Cross rooms in Freeland Hall were cleared, and these, with the downstairs room in Derr Hall, were fitted up with classroom furniture and used as lec-

ture and recitation rooms. The Red Cross occupied room No. 105 in Derr Hall. The students were assured, however, that work would not be modified by these changes. An editorial accompanying the news stories recommended long walks and sleeping in cold rooms as preparation for the hard months ahead.

Another catastrophic change in the usual college routine came in February, 1918, when Ursinus adopted a War Time Program, making possible an early graduation. The plan was adopted because of the "demand for labor in agriculture and manufacturing pursuits as well as in government service." One hour of classroom work was added to each course every other week, reducing the time by two and a half weeks. Holidays were eliminated, examination time cut to three days. (Note, class of '42), and one day was saved in Commencement Week. Graduation day was May 14, 1918.

In a February **Weekly** of 1918 there was a smile-provoking notice; namely, that the University of Pennsylvania had revoked the honorary degrees which it had bestowed upon the Kaiser in 1905 and upon ex-Ambassador Bernstorff in 1910. The **Weekly** itself was cut from eight to four pages that month.

In the same month, students read of the death in camp of William H. Yoch, '18, who was the first Ursinus boy to lay down his life in the war. In September, the names of two more Ursinus men appeared on page one. They were Isenberg, '13, and Glendenning, '15, killed in action in France.

In the midst of war activity there were a few students who thought of the outcome of the war. And because they believed they could "make the world safe for democracy," one of them wrote:

"I am wondering if, after the season of carnage is spent and gone, we will be able to render our lives living sacrifices to the task of bringing down-trodden mankind out of the mire and up into the new, reorganized world. The call comes to you, college men and women. Will you consecrate your store of knowledge to those whose loved ones gave up their lives that you might live; that the standards for which "Old Glory" stands might be perpetuated even until the end?"

Then came the glorious days of the S.A.T.C., the Students' Army Training Corps, at Ursinus. Uniformed like soldiers, housed in barracks

which were once residence halls, these boys lived a nearly authentic army life. The S. A. T. C. was served in the dining-room downstairs, the civilian students in Derr Hall. At six the S. A. T. C. was awakened by reveille; breakfasted on cereal, potatoes, and meat—all eaten from the same bowl; and drank their coffee out of tin cups. After breakfast they cleared up the barracks and drilled for an hour and a half. They took courses in map-making, sanitation, hygiene, surveying, military law, war aims, English composition. In recreational hours they played football and tennis. At 5:25 they began a half-hour drill before dinner. Their evenings were free until seven, when their commanding officer usually lectured on military law. After a supervised study period from 7:15 to 9:30, the boys went back to quarters, where the poor K. P.'s (four of them each day) were told of the day's events. At ten o'clock there were "taps," "lights out," and a snoopy sergeant prowling from room to room to see if the army were asleep. In the winter, when woolen uniforms and overcoats arrived from Philadelphia for the S. A. T. C., there were excited "swappings" to adjust misfits and many unnecessary walks downtown to purchase unnecessary items and, incidentally, to give the wondering townspeople an eyeful. It was said that when the S. A. T. C. received their first pay the canteen was swamped by "soldiers" trying to buy candy and cigars.

Luckily, there was one wartime curse which failed to affect Ursinus seriously. That was the influenza plague of 1918.

Suddenly it was November eleventh.

Suddenly it was all over.

Suddenly the Armistice had been signed. The world went crazy again—this time, with peace. The great Collegeville Victory Parade was held Monday, November eleventh. From the railroad station to Trappe the town blazed with light. At the head of the procession was Burgess Gristock, followed by an enthusiastic band. The proud S. A. T. C., the Collegeville Boy Scouts, the Red Cross, and school children followed in order. Then came the flag factory employees dressed in stars and stripes and carrying flags. They were followed by a band and a hundred automobiles lavishly decorated with lights and bunting. There was a float depicting the Army, Navy, and Red Cross surrounding the figure of Victory, who was Miss

Gristock. There was a brilliantly lighted car bearing a coffin labeled "The Kaiser's Last Ride." This procession, more than a mile long, moved from the railroad to Trappe and was cheered by people lining the street and looking out of windows and doorways all along the way. They made the most noise Collegeville has ever heard. The War was over at last.

LOST: IMAGINATION

optimism and courage. It's going to come out all right!

As long as we are reminiscing about the "good old days" (our favorite pastime), do you recall way back when "men were men and women were women" (that's such a silly expression—what else would men be but men), how, if a young lady chanced to drop her handkerchief, discreetly scented, a young gentleman would risk breaking his neck as he stumbled from his perch on a fence to retrieve it? However, should she be a real lady, the young gentleman would soon be abashed and once again on the fence. The next passer-by, should she be a flirt, might have to sprain an ankle to gain attention.

On and on I could ramble with anecdotes of dirty-faced children dashing to the candy-store with their two pennies tied in the corner of a knotted handkerchief, or of the different techniques of picking up a "hanky"—from the disdainful thumb and forefinger movement with the nose clenched delicately by the free hand, as often seen when an upper-class lady must remove the "personals" of her underlings from her fastidious sight, to the gusty grab of an Italian road-worker when his nose insists on leaking. But time is growing short, and I am growing weary of my own prattling.

I have a final dirge to sing. My fascination for handkerchiefs is still flourishing, but I note with fear that invention and modern sanitation are making an extinct race of my handkerchief friends. Kleenex is revolutionizing the handkerchief business. Kleenex, I must admit, is useful and easily disposed of, but it is not enchanting. At five hundred for twenty-eight cents and with a life span of one and three-quarter minutes following use, how could they have personality? Alone, I watch and mourn as my friends are replaced, as they gradually die out. Now, in disgust, I ask you—"What is so dull as Kleenex?"

Elizabeth Jane Cassatt's

. . . war and memories

Do you remember
That little Saxon town,
In the background a castle
Raising an admonishing tower?
The forest brooding over all,
A silent protector?
A town the years had not touched
Because they loved it too well?
A castle whose happy ghosts
Would whisper tales of a dim past
Had you the listening heart?

Do you remember
A church beautiful
In its holiness
And the grace of centuries?
Raised by the toil of generations,
Its spire pointing the way to God,
And kneeling round it
Worshiping, the houses of the town?
A church where God
Wept healing tears
On bruised and broken hearts?
Do you remember?

No. I remember
A town, beaten, broken,
Cowering in hopeless submission
Before a conquering pillbox
Upon the hill.
A forest helpless, heartbroken
A town the years wept over
As for something loved and dead.
The pillbox efficient, threatening
An important outpost
Along an important line.

I remember
The empty gutted shell
Of what was once a church
Destroyed by the work of a night.
Spire and statues,
Heaps of blackened stone.
A church with no worshipers,
But heaps of rubble;
A church whose soul
Wanders homeless, seeking
Shelter where there is none.

That's what I remember.
You must be mad
Or dreaming.

INSPIRATIONS

And there are other people who come for other reasons: the man who is dragged to concerts by his socially ambitious wife slumps in his seat with a look of disgust and boredom and finally falls asleep (yet sincerity is still an admirable quality); the man who always follows a score of music with his finger and his eyes but forgets to be inspired; our slave to Fame; and "Tom Folio", the man who knows the names and dates of all the composers and their works, who has memorized lists of the names of artists, great and small, who can tell you what concerts will be presented next week and where, but who never for one moment took the time to learn something of the art or allowed himself to be inspired by it. A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau—

"Brimful of learning see that pedant stride
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puffed with
pride!

A thousand authors he in vain has read,
And with their maxims stuffed his empty head;
And thinks that, without Aristotle's rule,
Reason is blind, and common sense a fool."

How like the college is the concert hall. The people who belong there are absent; those who do not are present. But perhaps my complaints are too loud, for I have met another there, one who preserves the sanctity of that temple of art, because he understands and feels. A man with a poet's eyes, deep, unfathomable pools of dark waters; a man with a poet's thoughts, hopes, fears, aspirations; a man whom a Spirit guards and distinguishes from other men—I have found him there, too. Perhaps he lacks a poet's tongue, for I have never heard him speak; he sits motionless in silent thought, a "mute inglorious Milton." Still within him is all movement. Joys, Happinesses, Hopes, Aspirations—all dance by in bands as large and light as sixteenth notes. Then Sorrow in the company of Fear and Death strolls by to solemn measures like the third movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. A solo violin suggests Love. Beethoven the man appears, Tschai-kowsky the man, Wagner the man, and many others, and the creations of all. Then Thought tries to break its mortal bounds and to soar to less earthly regions; Suns, Moons, Planets, other Universes are seen, and, behind a thin black veil, an eternal light. A poet's heart and mind

are shaded by deep thoughts, eternal secrets, mysteries, like the depths of a great sea or the purple darkness shrouding the walls of a room pierced by moonbeams.

Tales have been told of Coleridge about how he would appear late at his lectures and then speak on the care of children or what-you-will instead of on the art of poetry. Forgive me, reader, for the comparison; I am no Coleridge, but my fault is the same. Still, I cannot tell you how you may expect to be inspired in the concert hall unless I report to you my inspirations, and those of the man with the poet's eyes, and "Tom Folio's" lack of inspiration. Visit my temple yourself and let music animate your body, quicken your pulse, thrill your soul. Long afterwards, although the melodies may have disappeared, you will hear the beat and the pounding of the music in your brain. Who knows? Perhaps some day you, too, will have a poet's eyes!

BROTHER JONES

Tailor: (Holds yardstick from shoulder to waist.)
Vertical, 24 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Assistant: Vertical, 24 $\frac{1}{2}$. (Marks down in notebook.)

Jones: (To Becket) What're they doing?

Becket: Measurin' yuh foh youah wings. (Tailor and assistant exit.)

Martha: (Walks over to Jones) Will fough o'clock t'marra be convenient foh yuh to staht youah ha'p lessins?

Jones: Thank you, but I'm not very musically inclined.

Martha: But ev'body in de Kingdom plays de ha'p.

Petunia: (Singing) I'se gotto ha'p, yuh gotta ha'p, all God's chillun gotto ha'p.

Becket: (Phone rings. Becket answers.) Hello. Yeah, he's heah. Yeah, I'll tell him. Yeah, right away. (Turns to Peter.) Yuh betta get back on de job, Petuh. Dey's somebody else on de way. (Exit Peter.)

During Becket's speech all drift back into same positions as when curtain opened. Jones walks over to Cue Ball and Hannibal, who are rolling Dice.)

Cue Ball: Come seben, come eleben, pappy needs a new pair of wings.

Jones: (Somewhat embarrassed.) Say, how do those things work anyway? (He squats down with Hannibal and Cue Ball, who laughs.)

Curtain: Saint Peter walks out from the left. His head is spotlighted and his wings glow. The rest of the stage is in darkness. A soft blue light moves ahead and increases in brilliance as it nears the opposite side of the stage. When Peter exits it shines very brightly. Peter addresses his remarks toward this light.

Peter: You know, Lawd, it sure is funny de way de white folks an' de black folks have so much trouble when dey's on de earth, but when dey all come up heah dey find out dat it ain't de color, but de man dat mattuhs (Exit Saint Peter.)

Marjorie Foster's

. . . *spring*

Beside a clear and peaceful stream
The sunlight shed its yellow beam.
It warmed the earth; but better still,
It brought to life a daffodil.
Then from behind a resting cloud
The new-born Spring came, graceful, proud.
It touched the flower; waked the bird;
'Till nature, long in slumber, stirred.
'Twas then the crocus burst in bloom,
Dispelled the frozen winter's gloom.
All hearts were gay and filled with mirth
For love and beauty ruled the Earth.

This world of peace I could not share,
My world was filled with grief and care,
I spent my life in deathly fear
Until the signal called "all clear."
Beyond the blue gray mist of dawn
There came the sun to light the moon.
Just past the rugged rock-gashed shore
A foaming sea, lashed, whirled, and swore.
The rushing wind, the salty spray,
Beat hard against me as I lay
So near to death and yet alive.
Will bombers never cease to dive?

The other day a city stood
Just past that charred and smouldering wood,
And people went about their chores
No thought of bitter, ghastly wars.
Oh, why this cruel, deathless hate?
Should one man shape a nation's fate?
"Stand back! Fall flat!" my buddy screamed,
As from the sky ten bombers streamed.
One shell fell fast. It bit the air;
It whined; came straight; it burst right there.
Thus passed from life another soul
That greed and hate kept from its goal.

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when you're
flying Uncle Sam's
bombers across
the ocean



WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), (*second from left, above*) says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

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TO ME. I STICK
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